Wife. Good my husband.
Huſ. Doſt thou preuent me ſtill?
Wife. Oh God!
Stabs at the childe in her armes, & gets it from her.
Huſ. Haue at his heart.
Wife. Oh my deare boy!
Huſ. Brat, thou ſhalt not liue to ſhame thy houſe.
Wife. Oh heauen. *She is hurt and ſinks downe.*
Huſ. And periſh, now be gone,
Ther's whores enow, and want would make thee one.

Enter a luſty ſeruant.

Ser. Oh ſir, what deeds are theſe?
Huſ. Baſe ſlaue, my vaſſaile,
Com'ſt thou betweene my fury to queſtion me?
Ser. Were you the diuell, I would hold you ſir.
Huſ. Hold me? preſumption, Ile vndo thee for it.
Ser. Sbloud, you haue vndone vs all ſir.
Huſ. Tug at thy Maſter?
Ser. Tug at a monſter.
Huſ. Haue I no power, ſhall my ſlaue fetter me?
Ser. Nay then the diuell wraſtles, I am throwne.
Husband ouercomes him.

Huſ. Oh villaine, now Ile tug thee, now Ile teare thee, ſet quicke ſpurs to my vaſſaile, bruize him, trample him; ſo, I thinke thou wilt not follow me in haſte.
My horſe ſtands ready ſadled, away, away,
Now to my brat at nurſe, my ſucking begger;
Fates, Ile not leaue you one to trample one.

The